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TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF WIT AND WISDOM

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

ALBERT E. SIMS

AND

GEORGE DENT

CO-EDITORS OF "THE BIBLICAL WHO'S WHO"

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FLEET STREET

AS in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Young

True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Pope

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FOREWORD

THIS collection of Wit and Wisdom gleaned from the master minds of the ages will be found fairly representative, and is well-calculated to afford enjoyment and inspiration to all who dip into it: here is Wit scintillant, Humour vibrant, and Wisdom aglow—a veritable feast for the gods!

In case any reader should miss herefrom his own favourite author or some cherished and delectable *bon mot*, the compilers claim indulgence for such omission It will readily be conceded that the task of selecting from such extensive writings, while thoroughly enjoyable, was a stupendous one, and called for nice discrimination and severe restraint; limitations of space alone excluded many literary gems of the first water.

In every case the compilers have striven to observe the spirit of copyright law. They offer profound apologies for any technical breach which they may have committed unintentionally

ALBERT E. SIMS
GEORGE DENT

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF WIT AND WISDOM

ADDISON, JOSEPH: England, 1672–1719 (Essayist and Poet and Statesman).

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And indicates eternity to man.

❦

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

❦

There is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice.

❦

The woman that deliberates is lost.

❦

Advertisements are of great use to the vulgar. . . . A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, *may easily creep into the advertisements*

❦

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—
We'll deserve it

❦

Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a sort of steady and permanent serenity.

ÆSCHYLUS : Greece, 525–456 B.C. (Tragic Poet).

So in the Libyan fable it is told
That once an eagle stricken with a dart,
Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
" With our own feathers, not by other's hands,
Are we now smitten." (*Plumtre's trans.*)

❦

What day beams fairer on a woman's eyes
Than this, whereon she flings the portal wide,
To hail her lord, heaven-shielded, home from war?
This to my husband, that he tarry not,
But turn the city's longing into joy!
Yea, let him come, and coming may he find
A wife no other than he left her, true
And faithful as a watch-dog to his home,
His foemen's foe, in all her duties leal.

❦

He hears but half who hears one party only.

ÆSOP : Greece, *c.* 620–560 B.C. (Author and Philosopher)

An honest man had the unhappiness to have a quarrelsome family of children One day he called them before him and bade them try to break a bundle of faggots. All tried and failed. " Now," said he, " unbind the bundle and take every stick by itself, and see if you can break them " They did as they were told, and snapped all the sticks one by one with great ease. " This, my children," said the father, " is a true emblem of your position. Keep together and you are safe ; divide and you are undone "

À KEMPIS : *See* Kempis, À

ALEXANDER THE GREAT : Macedonia, 356–323 B.C (King ; Conqueror of Asia).

Bucephalus, the horse offered to Philip by Philonicus for thirteen talents, was being turned away as vicious

and unmanageable, when Alexander exclaimed, sneeringly, " What a horse they are losing for lack of someone with skill and spirit to manage him ! " His father, Philip, rebuked him, whereupon the young prince sprang on the back of the furious creature and, to the dismay of all the beholders, put him into a full gallop, and by and by rode the fierce brute back to where his father stood amazed and weeping for joy Dismounting, Alexander was kissed by his father who thus addressed him . " My son, seek a worthier kingdom than mine, for Macedonia is too small for thy abilities."

⚘

On a certain occasion (so Plutarch informs us), in a spirit of great generosity, Alexander dispersed his various possessions and estates among his personal friends. One of the crowd, Perdiccas, asked the King what he had reserved for himself. " Hope," *answered the King " Well," replied Perdiccas, " we who share in your labours will be content to take part in your hopes."*

ANONYMOUS

Whenever a woman aims at originality, up pops Grundy

⚘

If people look bad, they are ; if they look good, they may be

⚘

A skirt that dips behind is the outward and visible sign of inward deficiencies—as is also a collar fastened visibly with a pin.

⚘

The Deacons of a certain important church chided their minister for marrying a non-Christian lady fond of gaiety, and whom they termed " a worldly pagan." " I'm ever so sorry," said the minister , " but, after all, she's a very pretty little pagan "

⚘

At a large dinner given in New York, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, for a long time head of the King's Daughters' Circle, sat beside a German professor of science. In the course of conversation Mrs. Bottome said quite naturally, for her: "The Bible says so and so."

"The Bible?" remarked the professor. "Yo. don't believe the Bible!"

"Yes, indeed I believe it," replied the lady.

"Why, I didn't suppose that any intelligent person to-day believed the Bible!"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Bottome said, "I believe it all. You see, I know the Author."

"Yes," said the candidate, "I'm going out among the farmers to-day—to a pumpkin show, or jackass show, or something of that sort. Not that I care for pumpkins or jackasses, but I want to show the people that I am one of them"

While the daring Leander was seeking the sweet object of his love, and, exhausted, was just being engulfed by the swelling waves, the unfortunate hero is said to have thus addressed the menacing surges. "Spare me on my way; drown me on my return"

However great the dish that holds the turbot, the turbot is still greater than the dish.

Two wild geese, when about to start southwards for the winter, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese agreeing to do so if a means to convey him could be devised, the frog produced a stalk of strong grass, got the two geese to take it one at each end, while he clung to it in the middle by his mouth. In this manner the three were making their journey, when they were noticed by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the plan and after giving vent to their wonder, pointedly asked who had been clever enough to discover it. The frog, fearful lest others should claim

the merit, opened his mouth to say " It was I "—and so lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces!

❦

Among the many amusing stories extant relating to the great tragedian Edmund Kean, we select the following as one of the most typical. The scene was set in one of the leading theatres of the London of his day, with Kean on the stage sustaining the central rôle—but doing so only with the greatest difficulty, for a tiny babe in the audience cried so loudly and incessantly, in spite of the efforts of the mother to soothe the mite, that much of what the actor was declaiming was indistinguishable. Perceiving, at length, every sign of impatience on the part of the audience, Kean suddenly ceased his rôle, advanced in a menacing attitude to the footlights, and flashed forth in a scathing voice. " If that play doesn't stop, the baby cannot go on!"

❦

A nobleman once took a journey from London to strive with a Scotch farmer who was greatly famed as a wrestler. He found the Scotchman working in a field close to the hedge which enclosed it. His lordship entered the field, and having tied his horse to a tree, said to the farmer. " I have heard wonderful reports of your skill, and I have come a long way to prove which of us is the better wrestler."

The farmer, without answering, seized the nobleman and pitched him over the hedge, and then went on with his work.

As the other rose slowly and painfully from the ground, the farmer asked: " Well, have you anything more to say or to ask me?" " No," replied his lordship, " except, perhaps you would be kind enough to throw over my horse."

ANSELM, ST.: Italy and England, 1033–1109 (Archbishop of Canterbury).

He was justly regarded as the Augustine of the Middle Ages. Soon after his appointment to the archbishopric

of Canterbury he came into conflict with the King (William Rufus) owing to his refusal to contribute the money demanded by the truculent monarch for an expedition to Normandy. "Treat me as a free man," said Anselm, when protesting against the King's lawless exactions, "and I devote myself and all that I have to your service; but if you treat me as a slave you shall have neither me nor mine."

ANTONINUS, MARCUS AURELIUS Italy, A.D. 121–180 (Emperor and Philosopher)

Whatever any one does or says, I must be good

Remember that you are a man and a Roman, and let your actions be done with dignity, gravity, humanity, freedom, and justice, let every action be done as though it were your last

Man has to gain but few points in order to live a happy and godlike life

Do not spend your thoughts upon other people, nor pry into the talk, fancies and projects of another

Think upon nothing but what you would willingly tell about, so that if your soul were laid open there would appear nothing but what was sincere, good-natured and public-spirited.

Be cheerful, depend not at all on foreign supports, nor beg your happiness of another, do not throw away your legs to stand upon crutches.

If in the whole compass of human life, you find anything preferable to justice and truth, temperance

Matrimony, as the origin of change, was always disagreeable to him.

❦

"Invite him to dinner, Emma, and help him to the best of the fish and the chicken; but leave him to choose his own wife."

AVICENNA: Persia and Arabia, A.D. 980–1037 (Poet).

Wine is the enemy of the Drunkard and the friend of the Sober. A little dose of it is an antidote, a strong dose is poison.

❦

Is it the fault of wine if a fool drinks it and goes stumbling into darkness? Religion allows it to the wise if reason forbids it to asses.

BACON, FRANCIS: England, 1561–1626 (Lawyer, Statesman, Philosopher)

When any pillars of State (Religion, Justice, Counsel, Treasure) are shaken, men had need to pray for fair weather!

❦

In his Essay, Of Empire, *is set forth the following sage piece of wisdom:*

VESPASIAN—*"What was the cause of Nero's overthrow?"*

APOLLONIUS—*"Nero could touch and tune the harp well, but in Government, sometimes he used to wind the pins too high, and sometimes to let them down too low."*

❦

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words, than in that speech—"Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god."

❦

Themistocles the Athenian, desired at a touch a lute, said, He could not fiddle but yet make a small town a great city.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth them too much for ornament is affectation ; judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a Crafty men contemn studies ; simple men admi wise men use them. . . . Reading maketh a fu conference a ready man ; and writing an exact

It is a poor centre of a man's actions—Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches a depraved thing It is the wisdom of rats, tha sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall wisdom of the fox that thrusts out the badg digged and made room for him But that v specially to be noted is that those which are l themselves without a rival are many times unfort

It was a high speech of Seneca that the gooc which belonged to prosperity are to be wished ; good things that belong to adversity are to be a It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of and the security of a god . . . Prosperity dc discover vice —but adversity doth best discover v

It was well said—That it is impossible to love be wise Whosoever esteemeth too much of a affection, quitteth both riches and wisdom.

Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this univ frame is without a Mind.

...ttily devised of Æsop: The fly sate upon the ...ree of the chariot and said, "What a dust ... e!" So there are some vain persons that whoso- ...r goeth alone or moveth by greater means, if they ...ve ever so little hand in it, they think it is they that ...rry it.

BEACONSFIELD (EARL OF) *See* Disraeli.

BENNETT, ENOCH ARNOLD: England, 1867– (Journalist, Novelist, Essayist and Dramatist).

It's wonderful how wonderful people are when they're ...ad.

It is easier to go down a hill than up, but the view is ...st from the top.

The individual who scoffs at New Year's resolutions ...sembles the woman who says she doesn't look under ...e bed at nights, the truth is not in him.

BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE: England, 1825–1900 (Novelist and Poet).

So many things come cross and across in the countless ...ns and outs of life.

Early thought, Sir, juvenile thought, and advanced ...ntelligence, make young people look far in front of ...eir age.

BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI: Italy, 1313 – 1375 (Author, the Creator of Italian Classic Prose).

How strange and wonderful is the power of love . . . ...ve for you has made a man of me, and marriage with ...u would make me as happy and as glorious as a god!

He that has 101 and owes 102, the Lord have mercy upon him!

❦

He that hath shipped the devil must make the best use of him.

❦

"Hame's hamely," quo' the deil when he found himsel' in the Court o' Sessions.

❦

A Dwarf on a Giant's shoulder sees farther of the two

❦

A feather in hand is better than a bird in air.

❦

A great ship asks deep waters.

❦

A little house well filled, a little field well tilled, and a little wife well willed, are great riches.

❦

All hoods make not monks

❦

An undutiful daughter will prove an unmanageable wife.

❦

Beauty draws more than oxen.

❦

But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

❦

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,
Is a proverb old and of excellent wit

❦

Fast bind, fast find:
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

❦

A carpenter is known by his chips.

❦

A clear conscience is a sure card.

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE (CURRER BELL): England, 1816–1855 (Novelist).

The talk turned on the qualities which prove that a man can be trusted "Do you know what soothsayers I would consult? . . . Neither man nor woman, elderly nor young; the little Irish beggar that comes barefoot to my door, the bird, that, in frost and snow, pecks at the window for a crumb. I know somebody to whose knee the black cat loves to climb, against whose shoulder and cheek it loves to purr. The old dog always comes out of his kennel and wags his tail when somebody passes. . . . It is Robert."

❦

I saw London. When I awoke there next morning, my spirit shook its always fettered wings half loose. I had a feeling as if I were at last about to taste life In that morning my soul grew as fast as Jonah's gourd. I wandered whither chance might lead me in a still ecstasy of freedom and enjoyment.

❦

Madame Beck possessed high administrative powers. . . . She knew what honesty was, and liked it—when it did not obtrude its clumsy scruples in the way of her will and interest Wise, firm, faithless, secret, crafty, passionless, watchful and inscrutable—withal perfectly decorous—what more could be desired?

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT : **Engla**
1806–1861 (Poetess).

GRIEF

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless ;
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach.

WORK

What are we set on earth for ? Say, to toil ;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign ; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow workers of the soil
To wear for amulets.

Roses gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
Beam and breeze resigning ;
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone
Love remains for shining

I know—is all the mourner saith,
Knowledge by suffering entereth ;
And life is perfected by death

The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness

BROWNING, ROBERT : England, 1812–1889 (Poet

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it ;
That high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

No, when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something.

Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph ?

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed
As, God be thanked ! I do not.

God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance
Rests never on the track until it reach
Delinquency.

BUDDHA : India, Fifth Century B C (?)

The noble truth concerning suffering is, that it springs from thought or desire . . .

And this is the noble eight-fold path for getting rid of misery : Belief, aspiration, speech, conduct, living, effort, mindfulness, contemplation

A man is not learned because he talks much

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passion breaks through an unreflecting mind.

BROWNING, E... ...self is a greater feat than conquering
1806–1861 (E...

...YTTON: *See* Lytton, Bulwer.

I tell
That
Half-
Beat ... England, 1628–1688 (Author, Theologian)
Of shr ...*on a journey and in disguise when he was* ...*by a constable who had a warrant for his* ...*he constable asked: "Do you know that fellow John Bunyan?"*

What ...*him?" said Bunyan, "you might call him*
Nor se ...*you knew him as well as I once did."*
For al
And

God ...*talk of things heavenly or things earthly;*
To ...*moral or things evangelical, things sacred or*
All ...*profane, things past or things to come; things*
For ...*or things at home, things essential or things*
To ...*stantial, provided that all be done to our profit.*

...ome things are of that nature as to make
...One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.

...RKE, EDMUND: Ireland, 1729–1797 (Orator ...l English Statesman).

Without force or opposition, chivalry subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners. But now all this is to be changed. *All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonised the different shades of life, and which by a bland assimilation incorporated into politics the sentiments that beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason.* All the decent drapery

(LORD):

of life is to be rudely torn off. *All the su... ideas furnished from the wardrobe of a mo... tion, which the heart owns and the un... ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of ... home; shivering nature and to raise it to dignity i... estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous ... and antiquated fashion.*

BURNS, ROBERT: Scotland, 1759–179... and Patriot).

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guineas' stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

O, ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've naught to do but mark and tell
Your neebours' faults and folly,

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

[BUTLE]R, SAMUEL: England, 1612–1680 (Author [of Hu]dibras, etc.)

For loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it is not shone upon.

*

He'd undertake, to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse.
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a Lord may be an owl,
A calf, an Alderman, a goose a Justice,
And rooks, Committee-men or Trustees.

*

A lib'ral art, that cost no pains
Of study, industry or brains,
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
He n'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.

*

A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross and splenetic
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

In war, events of importance are the results of trivial causes.

CARLYLE, THOMAS: England, 1795–1881 (Historian, Man of Letters).

The Priest, too, as I understand it, is a kind of prophet; in him too there is required to be a light of inspiration, as we must name it. He presides over the worship of the people; is the uniter of them with the Unseen Holy He is the spiritual Captain of the people; as the Prophet is their spiritual King with many captains: he guides them heavenward, by wise guidance through this earth and its work.

Is not every true Reformer, by the nature of him, a Priest *first of all? He appeals to Heaven's invisible justice against Earth's visible force; knows that it, the invisible, is strong, and alone strong.*

The Eighteenth was a Sceptical *Century; in which little word there is a whole Pandora's Box of miseries. Scepticism means not intellectual Doubt alone, but moral Doubt; all sorts of* in*fidelity, insincerity, spiritual paralysis.*

If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts, all art and authorcraft are of small account to that.

I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All life is figured by them as a Tree Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdoms of Hela or Death its trunk reaches up heaven, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot

of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three Nornas, *Fates,—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its "boughs" with their buddings and disleafings,—events, thing suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its Boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old.*

Two men I honour and no third. First the toilworn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand: crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet.

CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE: Spain 1547–1616 (Soldier, Author).

Blessings on him who first invented sleep!—it covers a man all over, body and mind, like a cloak: and it is meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, heat to the cold, and cold to the hot; it is the coin that can purchase all things: the balance that makes the shepherd equal with the king, the fool with the wise man.

Diligence is the mother of success, and experience constantly verifies its truth. The active solicitor brings the doubtful suit to a happy issue: in military operations, expedition and dispatch anticipate the designs of the enemy, and victory is secured before he is prepared for defence.

Thou must know that devils are cunning; and although they may carry perfumes about them they have no scent themselves, being spirits.

If Men, high born, and of liberal minds, were to proclaim me a madman, I should regard it as an irreparable affront; but to be esteemed a fool by pedants who never trod the path of chivalry, I value it not a rush.

Be a father to virtue, and a stepfather to vice Be not always severe, nor always mild; but choose the happy mean between them, which is the true point of discretion.

One thing I must tell thee, which is, that there is no such thing in the world as fortune, nor do the events which fall out, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but by the particular appointment of heaven, and thence comes the saying that every man is the maker of his own fortune.

In enterprises of every kind, believe me, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little; for it sounds better to be called rash and daring than timorous and cowardly.

Liberty is one of the choicest gifts that heaven hath bestowed upon man, and exceeds in value all the treasures which the earth contains within its bosom or the sea covers. Liberty, as well as honour, man ought to preserve at the hazard of his life, for without it life is insupportable.

Recommend the matter to God, and all will be well—perhaps, better than thou mayest think for not a leaf stirs on the tree without His permission.

Every one is as good as God made him, and often a great deal worse.

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY: England, c. 1340–1400 (Poet).

The god of love, the god of love, ah me!
How mighty and how great a lord is he!
There is no power on earth that can withstand
The miraculous men work at his command.

The first virtue, son, if thou wilt learn,
Is to restrain, and keep well thy tongue.

A thousand times have I heard some men tell
That there is joy in heaven and pain in hell;
And I accord it well that this is so
But ne'er the less I know it well also
That there are none who in this country dwell
But either live in heaven or dwell in hell.

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH: England, 1874– (Critic, Essayist, Novelist, and Playwright).

The only two things that can satisfy the soul are a person and a story; and even a story must be about a person.

"The wise few" must mean either the few whom the foolish think wise, or the very foolish who think themselves wise.

CHRIST: *See* Jesus.

CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS: Italy, 106–43 B.C. (Roman Philosopher and Orator)

When you are aspiring to the highest place, it is honourable to reach the second or even the third rank.

Anger is the desire of punishing the man who seems to have injured you.

✓ *If you wish to remove avarice, you must remove its mother, luxury.*

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil, nor temperate, who considers pleasure the highest good.

There are countless roads on all sides to the grave . . . the divinity who rules within us, forbids us to leave this world without his command.

Any man may make a mistake; none but a fool will stick to it. Second thoughts are best, as the proverb says.

It is the peculiar quality of a fool to perceive the faults of others, and to forget his own.

The hope of impunity is the greatest inducement to do wrong

I hear Socrates saying The best seasoning for food is hunger; for drink, thirst.

The great theatre for virtue is conscience.

Natural ability without education has oftener raised man to glory and virtue, than education without natural ability.

The life given us by nature is short; but the memory of a well-spent life is eternal.

❦

So near is falsehood to truth that a wise man would do well not to trust himself on the narrow edge.

❦

He who obeys with modesty appears worthy to being some day a commander.

❦

He is an eloquent man who can treat humble subjects with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately.

❦

O happy death, which though due to nature is most nobly given for our country

❦

I have never yet known a poet who did not think himself super-excellent.

❦

Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought, and those to be shunned. An army abroad is of little use unless there are prudent counsels at home.

❦

Without your knowledge, the eyes and ears of many will see and watch you, as they have done already.

❦

Reason is the mistress and queen of all things.

❦

We seem to be made for friendship; it is our great stand-by whether in weal or woe Yet I can say this too: friendship cannot be except among the good.

❦

Virtue has not a heart of stone, but is gentle and compassionate, rejoicing with the joyful and weeping with those who mourn. True virtue is never unsocial, never haughty.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR : England, 1772–1834 (Poet, Literary Critic, and Philosopher).

I have no doubt whatever that Homer is a mere concrete name for the rhapsodies of the Iliad. Of course there was a Homer, and twenty besides.

❦

In the "Paradise Lost," indeed, it is Milton himself whom you see: his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve—all are John Milton, and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.

❦

"Most women have no character at all," said Pope, and meant it for satire. Shakespeare, who knew man and woman much better, saw that it, in fact, was the perfection of a woman to be characterless. Everyone wishes a Desdemona or Ophelia for a wife—creatures who, though they may not always understand you, always love you, and feel with you

❦

A slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

❦

Everyone who has been in love knows that the passion is strongest, and the appetite is weakest, in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the case in her presence. The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man.

❦

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner some time ago in company with a man who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with: "Them's the jockies for me!"

⚘

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided. (1) That dear old soul. (2) That old woman. (3) That old witch.

⚘

Good and bad men are each less so than they seem. As there is much beast and some devil in man, so there is some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.

CONFUCIUS: China, 551–478 B.C. (Sage, Founder of Confucianism).

Mere study without thought is useless, but thought without study is dangerous.

⚘

I care little who makes a nation's laws if I have the making of its ballads.

⚘

...t do to others what you would not wish them to

⚘

59

...an be concealed! How can a man be

CORNEILLE, PIERRE: France, 1606–1684 (Dramatist).

Ah! Justice walks with slow and doubtful step,
And, being blind, she cannot always see
Felons that hold high places at the court.

Only when valour doth surpass itself
Doth it achieve success so marvellous.

Guess, if you can, and choose, if you dare.

We triumph without glory when we conquer without danger.

To myself alone do I owe my fame.

He who forgives readily only invites offence.

Happiness seems made to be shared

A good memory is needed once we have lied.

A liar is always lavish of oaths.

Tyrant, step from thy throne, and give place to thy master.

COWPER, WILLIAM: England, 1731–1800 (Poet).

Variety's the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavour.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day.
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

❦

God made the country, and man made the town.

CROMWELL, OLIVER · England, 1599–1658
(Soldier, Statesman, and Patriot).

Rhetoricians, whom I do not pretend to much concern with, neither with them, nor with what they use to deal in Words! Truly our *business is to speak Things! . . The first thing, therefore, that I shall speak to is* That *that is the first lesson of Nature: Being and Preservation. As to that of Being, I do think I do not ill style it the* first *consideration which Nature teacheth the Sons of Adam — and then I think we shall enter into a field large enough when we come to consider that of Well-being But if Being itself be not first well laid, I think the other will hardly follow.*

❦

Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of God than I. I have had plentiful wages before hand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite

❦

From Carlyle's Letters and Speeches ·
He has been some nine months in Ireland, leaves a very handsome spell of work done there. At Bristol, after a rough passage, the Lord Lieutenant is received with all the honours and acclamations . . . hastens up to London, where on Friday 31st May, all the world is out to welcom him. . . . it is one wide tumult of Salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting; Hero-worship after a sort, not the best sort It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is [illegible] to have said, when some sycophantic person [illegible] "What a crowd come out to see your [illegible]

triumph!"—"Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!"

DANTE, ALIGHIERI: Italy, 1265–1321 (Poet).

Call to mind from whence we sprang;
Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue, and knowledge high.

Between two feasts, at equal distance placed,
If equally inviting both appear
A man would starve before he'd either taste.

Love
Kindled from virtue, if its flame be shown
Of power to light a kindred flame will prove.

DARWIN, CHARLES R.: England, 1809–1882 (Scientist).

It is an old story but not less wonderful, to see shells which were once crawling at the bottom of the sea now standing nearly 14,000 feet above its level. But there must have been a subsidence of several thousand feet as well as the ensuing elevation. Daily it is forced home on the mind of the geologist that nothing, not even the wind that blows, is so unstable as the level of the crust of the earth

None exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man, whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are predominant, or those of Tierra del Fuego, where death and decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of nature. No one can stand in those solitudes unmoved and not feel that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body

A struggle for existence, the term being used in a large, general and metaphorical sense, inevitably follows from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase.

❧

There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that if not destroyed the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair.

DE QUINCEY : See Quincey, de.

DICKENS, CHARLES JOHN HUFFHAM : England, 1812–1870 (Novelist, Journalist, and Lecturer)

Mrs. Crupp had indignantly assured him that there wasn't room to swing a cat there ; but as Mr. Dick justly observed to me, sitting down on the foot of the bed, nursing his leg, " You know, Trotwood, I don't want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat. Therefore what does that signify to me ? "

❧

She dropped a tear and her pocket-handkerchief.

❧

" I am under the impression," said Mr. Micawber, " that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road—in short," said Mr. Micawber, in another burst of confidence, " that you might lose yourself—I shall be happy to call this evening, and install you in the knowledge of the nearest way."

❧

" I know'd what 'ud come o' this here mode o' doin' business. Oh, Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi ? "

DIOGENES: Greece, c. 412–323 B.C. (Philosopher, Author).

Diogenes, the cynic philosopher, seeing the son of a common woman throw stones among a crowd of people—"Take care, young man," said he, "that you do not hit your father."

Alexander the Great, when he had conquered Greece, went with his courtiers to visit Diogenes whom he found seated in his tub, his head bent in study. Pitying the poverty of the great scholar, the great conqueror saluted and asked if there was any way in which he could serve him. "Yes," replied Diogenes, bluntly, and without so much as raising his head, "you can stand out of my light."

While discoursing, gravely, on the practice of virtue, Diogenes observed his auditors dropping off, stealthily, one by one; whereupon, quite suddenly, he began to bawl out some utterly ribald song, when immediately a great crowd of interested listeners gathered about him. "See," said he, stopping in his song, "how willingly a fool is listened to, while a wise man is neglected and forsaken."

On a certain occasion, while discoursing, Diogenes was thus addressed by one who stood by—"Hark, they deride you!" Well answered the philosopher, "Nay, I am not derided until I consent to be discomposed by their ridicule."

Diogenes once saw a youth blushing; and thus addressed him: "Courage, my boy; thine is the complexion of virtue."

Calumny is only the noise of madmen.

When asked what wine he liked to drink Diogenes replied, " That which belongs to another."

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (EARL OF BEACONSFIELD): England, 1804–1881 (Statesman and Novelist).

Egremont's speech in parliament on the presentation of the national petition created some perplexity among his aristocratic relatives and acquaintances. It was free from the slang of faction—the voice of a noble who had upheld the popular cause, who had pronounced that the rights of labour were as sacred as those of property, that the social happiness of the millions should be the statesman's first object.

❦

For my part, I cannot find that it is my duty to maintain the present order of things. In nothing in our religion, our government, our manners, do I find faith. And if there is no faith, how can there be any duty? We have ceased to be a nation. We are a mere crowd, kept from utter anarchy by the remains of an old system which we are daily destroying.

❦

How is it that the Almighty Power does not send down His angels to enlighten us in our perplexities? Where is the Paraclete, the Comforter who was promised us? I must go and seek Him.

❦

Your people now hanker after other gods than the God of Sinai and Calvary.

❦

Tell them that they must cease from seeking in their vain philosophies for the solution of their social problems Their longing for the brotherhood of mankind can only be satisfied when they acknowledge the sway of a common father. Tell them that they are the

children of God. Fear not, falter not. Obey the impulse of thine own spirit, and find a ready instrument in every human being.

☙

"O Lord God of Israel, I come to Thine ancient dwelling-place to pour forth the heart of tortured Europe. Why does no impulse from Thy renovating will strike again into the soul of man? Faith fades and duty dies, and a profound melancholy falls upon the world. Our kings cannot rule, our priests doubt, and our multitudes toil and moan, and call in their madness upon unknown gods. If this transfigured mount may not again behold Thee, if Thou wilt not again descend to teach and console us, send, oh send, one of the starry messengers that guard Thy throne, to save Thy creatures from their despair."

DOSTOIEVSKI, FIODOR MIKHAILOVITCH: Russia, 1822–1881 (Novelist).

All the world is built upon the system that each one of us shall have to yield precedence to some other one, as well as to enjoy a certain power of abusing his fellows. Without such a provision the world could not get on at all, and simple chaos would ensue.

☙

It is for other *folk that one wears an overcoat and boots.*

☙

Over-brooding proves the undoing of a man—his complete undoing.

☙

Even if a gentleman should lose his whole substance, he must never give way to annoyance Money must be so subservient to gentility as never to be worth a thought.

☙

What a frail creature is man!

DRYDEN: **England, 1631–1700 (Poet).**

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail,
But common interest always will prevail;
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He that would search for pearls must dive below.

Beware the fury of a patient man.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

The secret pleasure of the generous act,
Is the great man's bribe.

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE: France, 1803–1870 (Novelist).

(*From the " Adventures of the Seven Stars "*)

The fifth star came to earth with Honour for sale. " Who'll buy Honour?" she asked

The people would not buy, but sought to snatch the contents of her box for nothing So they rushed at the poor star, who opened her box shaking out titles, ribbons, keys of gold, etc. Everyone snatched what they could, thinking they had got Honour. Alas, they had only got honours. True Honour was left at the bottom of the box.

That is why Honour is so rarely found, whilst honours are so common.

ELIOT, GEORGE (Marian Evans): England, 1819–1880 (Novelist and Poet).

It is easy finding reasons why other people should be patient.

Strong souls
Live like fire-hearted suns; to spend their strength
In furthest striving action.

It is never too late to be what you might have been.

We are not apt to fear for the fearless, when we are companions in their danger.

Genius, at first, is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline

Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO: America, 1803–1882 (Essayist and Poet)

When we see a soul whose acts are all regal, graceful and pleasant as roses, we must thank God that such things can be, and are, and not turn sourly on the angel and say, "Crump is a better man with his grunting resistance to all his native devils."

There is less intention in history than we ascribe to it. We impute deep-laid far-sighted plans to Cæsar and Napoleon, but the best of their power was in nature, not in them. Men of extraordinary success,

in their honest moments, have always sung, "Not unto us, not unto us."

☙

We are full of mechanical actions. We must needs inter-meddle and have things in our own way, until the sacrifices and virtues of society are odious. Love should make joy; but our benevolence is unhappy. Our Sunday schools and churches and pauper-societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody

☙

Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts. No anchor, no cable, no fences avail to keep a fact a fact Babylon, and Troy, and Tyre, and even early Rome are passing already into fiction. The Garden of Eden, the Sun standing still in Gibeon, is poetry thenceforward to all nations Who cares what the fact was, when we have thus made a constellation of it to hang in heaven an immortal sign?

☙

Virtue is the adherence in action to the nature of things, makes it prevalent It consists in a perpetual substitution of being for seeming, and with sublime propriety God is described as saying I AM.

The lesson which these observations convey is, Be, and not seem Let us acquiesce Let us take our bloated nothingness out of the path of the divine circuits. Let us unlearn our wisdom of the world Let us lie low in the Lord's power and learn that truth alone makes rich and great.

☙

The visions of the night always bear some proportion to the visions of the day. Hideous dreams are only exaggerations of the sins of the day We see our own evil affections embodied in bad physiognomies. On the Alps the traveller sometimes sees his own shadow magnified to a giant, so that every gesture of his hand is terrific. "My children," said an old man to his

boys scared by a figure in the dark entry, "my children, you will never see anything worse than yourselves."

There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an Optimism, never a Pessimism. His life is a progress, and not a station.

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all:
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain.

EPICTETUS · Phrygia, A D. 60–120 (Philosopher of the Stoic School)

The beginning of philosophy is the perception of one's own inability to do what is needful, that only what is within our choice is good or evil; that nothing external can control our choice, that our choice is determined by our reason, that our resemblance to God consists in our acting according to reason; and that we ought to invoke God's assistance.

There is nothing good or evil save in the will.

Nothing great is produced suddenly, since not even the grape or the fig is.

If you wish your children, and your wife, and your friends, to live for ever, you are stupid: for you wish things to be in your power, which are not so: and what belongs to others, to be your own. So likewise, if you wish your servant to be without fault, you are a fool.

Wealth is not *among the number of good things; extravagance* is *among the number of evils, sober-mindedness of good things.*

If a crow had signified anything to you, by his croaking; it is not the crow that signifies it, but God, by him.

Be neat comfortably to your nature A man should be neat as a man; a woman, as a woman, a child, as a child If not, let us pick out the mane of a lion, that he may not be slovenly, and the comb of a cock, for he ought to be neat too Yes, but let it be as a cock; and a lion, as a lion; and a hound, as a hound.

EPIGRAMS IN RHYME

I do not love you, Doctor Fell.
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But only this I know full well,
I do not love you, Doctor Fell
(*Tom Brown's Paraphrase*)

POEM BY A PERFECTLY FURIOUS ACADEMICIAN

I takes and paints, hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry,
Till savage RUSKIN—*he sticks his tusk in,*
Then nobody will buy!

N B —Confound Ruskin, only that won't com- the poetry—but it's true!

("*Punch,*" [illegible])

Through these rough paths, to gain a glorious name,
We climb the steep ascent that leads to fame ;
They miss the road who quit the rugged way,
And in the smoother tracks of pleasure stray.
(*Cervantes*)

ॐ

The wife that expects to have a good name
Is always at home, as if she were lame :
And the maid that is honest, her highest delight
Is still to be doing from morning to night
(*Cervantes*)

ॐ

He that will not when he may,
When he would shall have nay.

ॐ

'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true ;
'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new
(*Maturin*)

ॐ

They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
They go to church on Sunday ;
And many are afraid of God—
But more of Mrs. Grundy
(*Frederick Locker*)

ॐ

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day :
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
Himself is his own dungeon. (*Milton*)

ॐ

If the man who turnip cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather,
Have a turnip than his father.

Noth the grape

ॐ

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friends indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

(*Cowper*)

☫

See, how along the ground the ant-hosts blindly throng!
Yet no more than the choirs of stars can these go wrong.

(*Rückert*)

☫

O heart, but try it once! 'tis easy good to be,
But to appear *so, such a strain and misery*

(*Ruckert*)

☫

Most friendship is feigning,
Most loving mere folly;
Then heigh-ho the holly,
This life is most jolly

(*Shakespeare*)

☫

Better through life bare-footed press
Than in a pinching shoe,
Better no house or home possess
Than have a bad wife too.

(*Sa'di*)

☫

A father one day was teaching his son—
"No monarch had a right to his throne"
The son learned well in his father's school
And knocked the old gentleman off his stool

(*Ruckert*)

☫

A dog washed in the seven seas
Is still a pasture-ground for fleas

(*Sa'dh*)

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.
(*Von Logau*)

The dog is born a slave to be
The will of his lord for law holds he
But the cat is a creature born to be free—
Thou play'st not with her, she *plays with thee.*
(*Ruckert*)

Joy and Temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
(*Von Logau*)

Eat and drink,
On God oft think,
Thine honour strictly save;
Of all thou'st got
Thou takest not
More than a sheet to the grave
(*Auerbach*)

'Tis hard indeed to make a pother
That Eve poor Adam overthrew,
For what he did to please the mother
We daily for the daughters do.
(*Besser*)

Manlike it is to fall into sin,
Fiendlike it is to dwell therein,
Christlike it is for sin to grieve,
God-like it is all sin to leave.
(*Von Logau*)

Noth
the grape

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see,
Hurrah!
And so the whole world goes well with me,
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine
Why, let him take hold and help me to twine
A wreath for the rosy nine.
(*Goethe*)

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
That there's no living with thee, or without thee
(*Trans. by Addison*)

We seek for beauty on the height afar;
But on the earth it glimmers all the while.
'Tis in the garden where the roses are,
'Tis in the glory of a mother's smile
(*Edward Wilbur Mason*)

Large knowledge void of peace and rest,
And wealth with pining care possest—
These by my fertile lands are meant
That little field is called Content
(*Robert Trowbridge*)

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters;
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters:
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved, without thinking of asses"
(*Goldsmith*)

O the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any:
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.
Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

(*Izaak Walton*)

❦

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis for mine;
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flower:
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

(*Pope*)

❦

Know, then, thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.

(*Pope*)

❦

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul
Cease, then, nor order imperfection name
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

(*Pope*)

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as He framed a whole, the whole to bless,
Our mutual wants built mutual happiness.

(*Pope*)

See man from Nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part.
Thus, then, to man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."

(*Pope*)

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! A wise man and a fool;
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunello.

(*Pope*)

Art quickens Nature; Care will make a face:
Neglected beauty perisheth apace.

(*Herrick*)

Beauty, no other thing is, than a Beame
Flasht out between the Middle and Extreame.

(*Herrick*)

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

(*Anonymous*)

Are women books? says Hodge, then would mine were
An Almanack, to change her every year.
(*Benjamin Franklin*)

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
(*Lovelace*)

Earth has her price for what earth gives us;
The beggar is tax'd for a corner to die in;
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us;
We bargain for the graves we lie in.
At the devil's mart are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold,
For a cap and bells our lives we pay.
Bubbles we earn with our whole soul's tasking,
'Tis only God that is given away,
'Tis only heaven may be had for the asking.
(*Lowell*)

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can"
(*Emerson*)

For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay:
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
(*Butler*)

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper feels
When the tired player shuffles off the buskin;
A page of Hood may do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.
(*O. W. Holmes*)

CONQUEST IN CRINOLINES

By a Wretch

When lovely Woman, hooped in folly,
Grows more expensive every day;
And makes her husband melancholy
To think what bills he'll have to pay:

When in the width of Fashion swelling
With air-balloons her skirts may vie,
The truth (what hinders "Punch" *from telling?)*
Is that she looks a proper—guy!
("*Punch,*" *1857*)

EPITAPHS

Satire does not look pretty upon a tombstone.
(*Charles Lamb*)

☙

After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.
(*Shakespeare*)

☙

Kind reader! take your chance to cry or laugh;
Here HAROLD lies—but where's his Epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster, and view
Ten thousand, just as fit for him as you.
(*Byron*)

☙

Here lies Anne Mann; she lived an
Old maid and died an old Mann.
(*Bath Abbey*)

☙

Here lie the remains of James Pady, Brickmaker, in hope that his clay will be remoulded in a workmanlike manner, far superior to his former perishable materials.
(*Addiscombe Churchyard, Devonshire*)

O Rare Ben Jonson!

(*Westminster Abbey*)

✠

Here lies a very gallant Gentleman.

(*The Frozen North*)

✠

It is so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for!

(*Cheltenham Churchyard*)

✠

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

(*Keats' own Epitaph*)

✠

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.

(*David Garrick*)

✠

Fuller's earth.

(*Thomas Fuller's own Epitaph*)

✠

Peas to his Hashes!

(*Epitaph to a London Cook*)

✠

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night.
God said, " LET NEWTON BE! " *and all was light.*

(*Pope*)

✠

Here lies an honest lawyer.

✠

" Here lies one who never knew fear."
When the Emperor Charles V read this upon the

tombstone of a Spanish nobleman, he wittily ... "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

EURIPIDES: Greece, *c.* 480–406 B.C. (Greek Dramatist).

Manifold forms hath fate divine:
Oft gods achieve where men despair;
Surmises fail to be fulfilled;
God finds a path where none appeared.

FIRDAUSI, ABU'L KASIM: Persia, A.D. *c.* 840–1020 (Poet).

Plant even in the garden of Paradise a tree whose nature is bitter;
Water it with streams from the fountain of eternity and bedew its roots with honey,
Its natural qualities will always appear, and bitter, after all this care, will still be its fruit.

Pass the shop of a perfumer, and your dress will imbibe the scent of ambergris
Approach the forge of a blacksmith, and the smoke of the fire will soil your clothes.

FRANCE, ANATOLE: France, 1844–1924 (French Novelist and Academician).

Man should not be too much cast down when he falls into sin: he is man and not God, human flesh and no angel.

Fear women and books, for the enervation and the vanity they induce within us. Be humble in heart and mind; to the simpleminded God grants a clearer intelligence than the learned can impart. He is the giver of all knowledge.

The Kingdom of God lies not in words but in good deeds.

FRENCH PROVERBS

Society is the union of men, and not the men themselves.

The wise man sometimes flees from society from fear of being bored.

For there is no day however beautiful that is not followed by night.

Do you wish people to speak well of you? Then do not speak at all yourself.

Let us not overstrain our talents, lest we do nothing gracefully; a clown, whatever he may do, will never pass for a gentleman.

If I held all of truth in my hand I would beware of opening it to men.

What silly people wits are.

Allegory dwells in a transparent palace.

Better a living beggar than a buried emperor

Men blush less for their crimes than for their weaknesses and vanity.

Innocence is not accustomed to blush.

❦

Men, who are rogues individually, are in the mass very honourable people.

❦

Few men have been admired by their servants.

❦

We can be more clever than one, but not more cleverer than all.

❦

He who is not just is severe; he who is not wise is sad.

❦

The bee and the serpent often sip from the selfsame flower.

❦

Know that the slender shrub which is seen to bend conquers when it yields to the storm.

GAY, JOHN: England, 1685–1732 (Poet and Dramatist).

'Tis Woman that seduces all Mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling Arts:
Her very eyes can cheat; when she's most kind,
She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.

❦

If Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
How like a Moth, the simple Maid
Still plays about the flame!

❦

Can Love be controll'd by Advice?
Will Cupid our Mothers obey?
Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice,
At his Flame 'twould have melted away.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear Charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say.

When you censure the Age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the Courtiers offended should be:
If you mention Vice or Bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the Tribe,
Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

GERMAN PROVERBS

Art is indeed not the bread but the wine of life.

When the heart dares to speak it needs no preparation.

There is a lot of the beautiful on earth.

Borrowing is not much better than begging

He that is over-cautious will accomplish little.

I can promise to be upright, but not to be without bias.

Two souls, alas, reside within my breast, and each withdraws from and repels its brother.

❦

It is not children only that one feeds with fairy tales.

❦

We are never deceived, we deceive ourselves.

❦

He who considers too much will perform little.

❦

Culture which smooth the whole world licks,
Also unto the devil sticks.

❦

The greatest difficulties lie where we are not looking for them

❦

But what is your duty? What the day demands.

❦

Opposition embitters the enthusiast, but never converts him.

❦

While man's desires and aspirations stir,
He can not choose but err.

❦

The eye of Paul Pry often finds more than he wished to find.

❦

The heart's impulse is the voice of fate.

❦

He who is firm in will moulds the world to himself.

❦

Man is created free, and is free, even though born in chains.

The lamp of genius burns more quickly than the lamp of life.

GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART: England, 1809–1898 (Statesman).

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

It is an insufferable arrogance in the men of any age to assume what I call airs of unmeasured superiority over former ages. God, Who cares for us, cared for them also.

GOETHE: Germany, A.D. 1749–1832 (Poet, Dramatist, and Philosopher).

No strong-minded man lets the belief in Immortality be easily wrested from him.

There can none but Man
Perform the Impossible.
He understandeth;
Chooseth and judgeth;
He can impart to the
Moment, duration.

Only within the circle of Law can there be true freedom.

Fame is no despicable matter. Napoleon for the sake of a great name broke in pieces almost half a world.

❦

I have guesses enough of my own; if a man write a book, let him set down only what he knows.

***GOLDSMITH, OLIVER**: Ireland, 1728–1774 (Poet, Dramatist, and Essayist).

> *Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,*
> *My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:*
> *Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,*
> *And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.*

❦

O ye beggars of my acquaintance . . . might I advise you as a friend, never seem in want of the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but for redress. You may find relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but seldom from compassion.

❦

There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out Dunce and Scribbler; to praise the dead and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of whose writing they cannot injure. . . . Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies.

❦

Pity is but a short-lived passion.

❦

My companion . . . introduced me a few nights ago to the playhouse, where we placed ourselves conveniently

at the foot of the stage. . . . My attention was engaged by a new object; a man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands in all the raptures of applause. "To what purpose," cried I, "does this unmeaning figure make his appearance? Is he part of the plot?"—"Unmeaning do you call him?" replied my friend; "this is one of the most important characters of the whole play; nothing pleases the people more than seeing a straw balanced: there is a great deal of meaning in a straw: there is something suited to every apprehension in the sight; and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune."

❦

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept; he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

GRAY, THOMAS: England, 1716–71 (Poet).

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

HAFIZ: Persia, *c.* 1300–1388 (Poet).

For brainless fools' and idiots' food
Ambrosia, nectar—nought's too good;
The Sage, the Wit, must thankful live
On what his bleeding heart can give.

HARDY, THOMAS: England, 1840–1928 (Novelist, Poet, and Dramatist).

Though to visit the sins of the fathers upon the

children may be a morality good enough for divinities, it is scorned by average human nature, and it therefore does not mend the matter.

Phases of her childhood lurked in her aspect still. As she walked along to-day, for all her bouncing handsome womanliness, you could sometimes see her twelfth year in her cheeks, or her ninth sparkling from her eyes; and even her fifth would flit over the curves of her mouth now and then.

...ating
...seems to you
...ut suddenly
...said.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET: United Sta... 1902 (Author).

But still when the mists of doubt prev
And we lie becalmed by the shores o
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before.
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

" What if, 'mid cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered " Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant—
Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, " My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,
" Lord, we come!"

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

"I will thank you for the sugar," I said. "Man is a dependent creature."

"It is small favour to ask," said the divinity student—and passed the sugar.

"Life is a great bundle of little things," I said.

The student smile', as if that was the concluding epigram of the sugar question.

"You smile," I said. "Perhaps life seems to you a little bundle of great things."

The divinity student started a laugh, but suddenly reined it back with a pull.

"Life is a great bundle of great things," he said.

"Is not freethinker *a term of reproach in England? The same idea in the soul of an Englishman, who struggled up to it, and still holds it* antagonistically, *and in the soul of an American, to whom it is congenial and spontaneous, is a very different thing You may teach a quadruped to walk on his hind legs, but he is always wanting to be on all-fours."*

When one arrives at the full and final conclusion that he or she is really dull, it is one of the most tranquillising and blessed convictions that can enter a mortal's mind.

)MER: Greece, *c.* 11th Century B.C. (Poet).

) every sacred name in one, my friend!

Search for some thoughts thine own suggestive mind
And others, dictated by heavenly power
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue.

❦

Achilles absent—was Achilles still.
(*Iliad—Pope's trans.*)

❦

It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.
(*Iliad—Pope's trans.*)

❦

But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend.
(*Odyssey—Pope's trans.*)

❦

For never, never, wicked man was wise.
(*Odyssey—Pope's trans.*)

❦

Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind.
(*Odyssey—Pope's trans.*)

❦

Light is the task when many share the toil.
(*Iliad—Bryant's trans.*)

❦

O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,
And let no warrior in the heat of fight
Do what may bring him shame in others' eyes;
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.
(*Iliad—Bryant's trans.*)

HOOD, THOMAS: England, 1799—1845 (Poet and Humorist).

Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

❦

Thus pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think we grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper.

❦

Bill Blossom was a nice young man
And drove the Bury coach;
But bad companions were his bane,
And egg'd him on to poach.

Each "shiny night" the moon was bright,
To park, preserve, and wood
He went, and kept the game alive,
By killing all he could.

Folks who had hares discovered snares—
His course they could not stop,
No barber he, and yet he made
Their hares a perfect crop.

❦

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms:
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

HORACE, QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS: Italy, 65–8 B.C. (Poet, Satirist, and Moralist).

I labour to be brief, and become obscure.

❦

Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.
(*Wentworth Dillon's trans.*)

❦

He who, malignant, tears an absent friend,
Or fails, when others blame him, to defend,
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise
And courts for witty cynicism praise,
Who can, what he has never seen, reveal,
And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal—
Romans, beware—that man is black of soul.

❦

With equal pace, impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate.
(*Francis's trans.*)

HUGO, VICTOR-MARIE: France, 1802–1885 (Writer).

Right and Law are two great forces whose harmony gives birth to order, but their antagonism is the source of all catastrophe.

O my brothers, let us be reconciled! Let us set out on the immense highway of peace.

To educate is nothing less than to govern; and clerical education means clerical government, with despotism as its summit and ignorance as its foundation.

Every increase in liberty involves increased responsibility.

HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY. England, 1825–1895 (Scientist).

Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and in the strictest sense he burns that others may have light.

For after all, what do we know of this terrible "matter," except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness.

If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are and I reply that I do not know, that neither I nor anyone else have any means of knowing . . . I do not think he has any right to call me a skeptic.

IBN YAMIN: Persia, date uncertain (Poet).

He who always stays in his dark chamber, how can he behold the glory of the moon and stars?

How shall the diver obtain pearls if he wrestle not with the terrors of the deep?

The falcon, however strong, which never quits the nest will never catch the prey.

IBSEN, HENRIK: Norway, 1828–1906 (Dramatist and Poet).

When it is a question of money, then everything here ends in paltry material calculations—But at any rate things are better than formerly, when everything ended in dissipation.

We who are considered the pillars of society are but its tools after all . . . The spirit of Truth and the spirit of Freedom are the real Pillars of society.

IRVING, WASHINGTON: United States, 1783–1859 (Biographer and Humorist).

History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet: the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust?

The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.

The almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages.

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

JAMI: Persia, A.D. 1414–1492 (Poet).

It is easier to uproot a mountain with a needle than to eradicate pride from the heart of man.

JEROME, JEROME KLAPKA: England, 1859–1927 (Humorist, Journalist, Dramatist, and Editor).

The Bores, who had hoped that she was out—who have only called because the etiquette book told them that they must call at least four times in the season, explain how they have been trying and trying to come. "This afternoon," recounts Mrs Bore, "we were determined to come. 'John, dear,' I said this morning, 'I shall go and see dear Mrs. Bounder this afternoon, no matter what happens.'"

Every bride is beautiful. Every bride looks charming in a simple costume of—for further particulars see the local papers. Every marriage is a cause for universal rejoicing. With our wine-glass in our hand we picture the ideal life we know to be in store for them. How can it be otherwise? She, the daughter of her mother—(Cheers). He—well, we all know him. (More cheers. Also involuntary guffaw from ill-regulated young man at end of table, promptly suppressed.)

We carry our make-believe even into our religion. We sit in church, and in voices swelling with pride, mention to the Almighty, at stated intervals, that we are miserable worms—that there is no good in us. This sort of thing, we gather, is expected of us; it does us no harm, and is supposed to please.

Labourers together with God. The mighty host of those who through the ages had heard the voice of God and had made answer. The men and women in all lands who had made room in their hearts for God. Still nameless, scattered, unknown to one another: still powerless as yet against the world's foul law of hate, they should continue to increase and multiply, until one day they should speak with God's voice and should be heard. And a new world should be created.

JESUS CHRIST: Palestine, 6 B.C.–A.D. 29 (The World's Redeemer).

Whosoever shall save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it.

I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me, shall never hunger.

I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.

How wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye, and behold a beam is in thine own eye?

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and he prophets.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Which of you by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth.

To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.

Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God

I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

My kingdom is not of this world.

If a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL: England, 1709–1784 (Author, Philosopher, and Lexicographer).

During his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," made under the guidance of Boswell, Doctor Johnson and he resided for awhile under the paternal roof. As it happened, the elder Boswell was a pronounced Whig and Presbyterian, and he and Johnson got to loggerheads over the subject of Cromwell. The controversy between Tory and Covenanter raged with great fury says Lockhart in his Life of Scott*—and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge the question: "What Cromwell . . . had ever done for his country"; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out: "God! Doctor, he gart kings ken that they had a lith in their neck" (he taught kings that they had a joint in their neck).*

Ah! let not Censure term our fate, our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please must please to live.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity

not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

(Letter to Chesterfield)

Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it.

On one occasion, Boswell informed Johnson that he had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where he had heard a woman preach. "Sir," replied the Doctor, "a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

Johnson was maintaining that Derrick had merit as a writer—doing so for sport, or perhaps from a spirit of contradiction. His opponent, Mr Morgann, argued with him in vain, but at length thought to corner the Doctor with the question "Pray sir, whether do you reckon Derrick or Smart the better poet?" Johnson at once felt himself roused, and answered, "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between the louse and the flea."

We were conducted to see St. Andrews, our oldest university, and the seat of our primate in the days of episcopacy. Dr Johnson's veneration for the hierarchy affected him with a strong indignation while he beheld the ruins of religious magnificence. I happened to ask where John Knox was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out: "I hope in the highway! I have been looking at his reformations."

The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public.

"I will be conquered; I will not capitulate."
(Johnson's death-bed declaration.)

A lady once asked him how he came to define PASTERN *as the* knee *of a horse; instead of making an elaborate defence, as she expected, he at once answered: "Ignorance, madam; pure ignorance."*

❦

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country (Scotland) . . . Johnson: "Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England."

❦

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

❦

There is a story told of Dr. Johnson, that he was taken by Boswell to hear a musical prodigy of the day. After the performance Boswell asked him: "How did you like it?" The Doctor gave a grunt for a reply. Boswell tried again: "Don't you think it was very clever?" The Doctor grunted once more. "Well, Doctor, don't you think it was difficult?" "Yes," growled the Doctor, "I suppose it was, and I wish it had been more difficult, and then he would not have been able to play it at all."

JONSON, BEN: England, *c.* 1573–1637 (Poet and Dramatist).

We praise the things we hear with much more willingness than those we see, because we envy the present

and reverence the past; thinking ourselves instructed by the one and overlaid by the other.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue:
Let them be good that love me, though but few.

KANT: Prussia (of Scottish descent), 1724–1804 (Philosopher).

Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing wonder—the starry heavens above me and the moral law within me. I need not search for them, and vaguely guess concerning them . . . I see them before me and link them immediately with the consciousness of my existence.

KEATS, JOHN: England, 1795–1821 (Poet).

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth!

My son, thou art never secure in this life, but, as long as thou livest, thou shalt always need spiritual armour.

Thou dwellest among enemies, and art assaulted on the right hand and on the left.

If therefore thou defend not thyself on every side with the shield of patience, thou wilt not be long without a wound.

☙

If there be any good in thee, believe that there is much more in others, that so thou mayest conserve humility within thee.

☙

It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior, and not to be at our own disposing.

☙

The fervent and diligent man is prepared for all things.

☙

It is harder work to resist vices and passions, than to toil in bodily labours.

☙

He that avoideth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater.

☙

Thou wilt always rejoice in the evening, if thou spend the day profitably.

KHAYYÁM, OMAR: Persia, A.D. 1025–1123 (Poet and Mathematician).

" How sweet is mortal Sovranty!"—think some:
Others—" How blest the Paradise to come!"

Ah, take the Cash in [illegible]
O the brave Music of a distant Drum!

❦

Not oft near home does genius brightly shine,
No more than precious stones while in the mine.

❦

Like wind flies Time 'tween birth and death;
Therefore, as long as thou hast breath,
Of care for two days hold thee free:
The day that was and is to be.

❦

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES: England, 1819–1875 (Clergyman, Novelist, Poet and Social Reformer).

"Stop!" said the Irishwoman. "I have one more word for you both, for you will see me again. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember."

❦

Some people tell us that water-babies are contrary to nature, but there are so many things in nature which we don't expect to find that there may just as well be water-babies as not.

❦

Our wanton accidents take root, and grow
To vaunt themselves God's laws.

❦

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again.

❦

To beget great deeds; but in the rearing of them—
The threading in cold blood each mean detail,
And furze brake of half-pertinent circumstance—
There lies the self-denial.

☙

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

☙

All but God is changing day by day.

☙

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue.

LAMB, CHARLES: England, 1775-1834 (Essayist, Humorist, and Poet).

Cousin James Elia . . . it was he who said, upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds—" What a pity to think, that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!"

☙

No emblem is as common as the heart—*that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears—the be-stuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat! What authority have we in history or mythology for placing the headquarters and metropolis of God Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity*

of feeling: "Madam, my liver and fortune are entirely at your disposal"; or putting a delicate question: "Amanda, have you a midriff to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

❦

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! What rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest—taking no more thought than the lilies!

❦

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books, but let it be to such a one as S.T.C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury? enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience.

❦

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou! that, being nothing art everything! When thou wert *not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune,* modern! *What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry, with which we for ever revert! the mighty future is as nothing, being every thing! the past is everything, being nothing.*

LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE: England, 1775–1864 (Author).

Across, up, down, our fortunes go,
Like particles of feathery snow;
Never so certain, or so sound,
As when they're fallen to the ground.

LATIN PROVERBS:

The act of God injures no one.

✠

Do not do what is already done.

✠

There is a mean in all things: and, moreover, certain limits on either side of which rights cannot be found.

✠

The bell never rings of itself; unless someone handles it or moves, it it is dumb.

✠

Adversity reminds men of religion.

✠

We all, when we are well, give good advice to the sick.

✠

To wish is of little account; to succeed you must earnestly desire; and this desire must shorten thy sleep.

✠

He who boasts of his descent praises the deeds of another.

✠

Anger is momentary madness, so control your passion or it will control you.

✠

Nothing is beautiful from every point of view.

✠

He who begs timidly courts a refusal.

Begin: to begin is half the work. Let half still remain; again begin this, and thou wilt have finished.

Whatever we give to the wretched, we lend to fortune.

The brave find a home in every land.

Our fathers used to say that the master's eye was the best fertilizer.

Happy the man who has been able to learn the causes of things.

The fickle populace always change with the prince.

The man who is pure in life and free from guilt, needs not the aid of Moorish bows and darts.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM: United States, 1809–1865 (President U.S., Orator and Lawyer).

We are met on a great battlefield. . . We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. . . It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of

the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

I am naturally anti-slavery; if slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.

Let us have faith that right makes right, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

LOCKE, JOHN: England, 1632–1704 (Philosopher).

I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts.

Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, and wears them so, who would appear with advantage. When they are polished and set they give a lustre. Good qualities are the riches of the mind, but good breeding sets them off.

If ideas were innate, it would save much trouble to many worthy persons.

"LONDON JESTER," 1704 (Publication).

"Lawyers and chambermaids," said a wicked young fellow, "are like Balaam's ass; they never speak unless they see an angel." (N.B.—An "angel"—a former English gold coin worth from 6s. 8d. to 10s.)

When Spenser, the poet, had finished his famous poem, The Fairie Queene, *he carried it to the Earl of*

Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the earl he read a few pages, and then ordered his servants to give the writer £20. Reading on, he cried in rapture, "Carry that man another £20." Proceeding still to read, he said, "Give him yet another £20!" But at length continuing to read, he lost all command of himself, and cried, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined!"

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH: United States, 1807–1882 (Poet).

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

The world loves a spice of wickedness.

The soul never grows old.

God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of m…irth,
That they might touch the hear…ts of men,
And bring them back to He…ven again.

LYTTON, BULWER (or BU…LWER-LYTTON): England, 1703–1873 (Novelis…, Writer, etc.).

The burning desires I have known, the resplendent visions I have nursed, the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sen… and clay, these tell me that whether for good or ill, I am a thing of immortality, and the creature of a God.

I have read somewhere of an enchanted land where the inmates walked along voluptuous gardens, and built palaces, and heard music, and made merry, while around and within the land were deep caverns where the gnomes and fiends dwell ; and ever and anon their groans and laughter, and the sounds of their unutterable toils, or ghastly revels, travelled to the upper air, mixing in an awful strangeness with the summer festivity and buoyant occupation of those above. And this is the picture of human life.

⁂

Politics is the science of the second best.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON : England, 1800–1859 (Historian, Essayist, Poet, Statesman, and Orator).

The Russian grandees came to Elizabeth's court dropping pearls and vermin.

⁂

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.

⁂

en none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
1 the great man helped the poor,
Then the poor man loved the great :
And vs were fairly portioned ,
Then lands were fairly sold ;
Then ls were like brothers
The Romaive days of old.
In the bra

MAHOMET (sometimes MOHAMMED) : Arabia, A.D. 570–632 (Founder of Mohammedanism).

Who is he who will lend God a good loan ? He will double it for him, and his shall be a noble recompense.

Think not that any act is contemptible, though it be but your brother's coming to you with an open countenance and good humour.

A man's giving in alms one piece of silver in his lifetime is better for him than giving one hundred when he is about to die.

Die before you die.

"MARK TWAIN" (Samuel Langhorne Clemens): America, 1835–1910 (Novelist and Humorist).

There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate—when he cannot afford it, and when he can.

The principal difference between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.

Man is the only animal that blushes, or that needs to blush.

There are several safeguards against temptation, but the surest is cowardice.

The autocrat of Russia possesses more power than any other man on earth, but he cannot stop a sneeze.

MEREDITH, GEORGE: England, 1828–1909 (Poet and Novelist).

It has ever been a principle with me to respect the sex. But if I see women false, treacherous . . . to lose faith in woman-kind is terrible.

Comedy is a game played to throw reflections upon social life, and it deals with human nature in the drawing-room of civilized men and women, where we have no dust of the struggling outer world, no mire, no violent crashes to make the correctness of the representation convincing.

MILL, JOHN STUART: England, 1806–1873 (Political Economist and Philosopher).

Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.

❦

Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow.

❦

The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement.

❦

The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it.

MILTON JOHN: England, 1608–1674 (Poet).

Among the faithless faithful only he;
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshak'n, unreduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.

Yea, truth and justice then
Will down return to Men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen.

❦

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit or judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself.

❦

'Tis Chastity, my Brother, Chastity:
She, that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy per'lous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.

❦

"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

MOHAMMED: See Mahomet.

MOLIÈRE (JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN): France, 1622–1673 (Dramatist and Actor).

There are fagots and fagots.

❦

Ah! there are no longer any children!

Heaven forbids, it is true, certain gratifications, but there are ways and means of compounding such matters.

Innocence is not accustomed to blush.

Love is often a fruit of marriage.

Repartee is precisely the touchstone of the man of wit.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE: France, 1769–1821 (Emperor of the French).

History is full, down to this day, of the imbecility of kings and governors. They are a class of persons much to be pitied, for they know not what they should do. The weavers strike for bread, and the king and his ministers, not knowing what to do, meet them with bayonets.

As to moral courage I have rarely met with the two o'clock-in-the-morning kind: I mean unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion; and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision.

What creates great difficulty in the profession of the land-commander, is the necessity of feeding so many men and animals. If he allows himself to be guided by the commissaries he will never stir, and all his expeditions will fail.

hand of iron was not at the extremity of my arms; [it wa]s immediately connected with my head.

My son cannot replace me; I could not replace myself. I am the creature of circumstances.

During the night enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost.

When walking with Mrs. Balcombe, some servants, carrying heavy boxes, passed by on the road, and Mrs. Balcombe desired them in rather an angry tone, to keep back. Napoleon interfered, saying, "Respect the burden, Madam."

"Good God! how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two—Dandolo and Menzi."

I made my generals out of mud.

In all battles, a moment occurs when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel inclined to run. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage; and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretence, to restore confidence to them. The art is to give rise to the opportunity and to create the pretence.

He was very fond of talking of religion. In 1806 he conversed with Fournier, bishop of Montpellier, on matters of theology. There were two points on which they could not agree; viz. that of hell, and that of salvation out of the pale of the church. The Emperor told Josephine that he disputed like a devil on these two points, on which the bishop was inexorable. To the philosophers he readily yielded all that was proved against religion as the work of men and time; but he would not hear of materialism. One fine night, on deck, amid a clatter of materialism, Bonaparte pointed to the stars, and said: "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?"

Great ambition is the passion of a great character. He who is endowed with it may perform either very great actions or very bad ones; all depends upon the principles which direct him.

Paradise is a central spot, where the souls of men arrive by different roads. Each sect has its own path.

When we have emptied the cup of enjoyment, all we want is rest.

Liberty and Equality are magical words.

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY (Cardinal): 1801–1890 (Theologian and Ecclesiastic).

Prune thou thy words: the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done
And faints at every woe.

OVID, PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO: Italy, 43 B.C.–A.D. 17 (Poet)

I see the right, and approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

❦

It is circumstances which show what men are.

❦

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
(*Dryden's trans.*)

❦

Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on;
The coursers of themselves will run too fast.
Your art must be to moderate their haste.

❦

The burden which is well borne becomes light.

❦

If Jupiter hurled his thunderbolt as often as men sinned, he would soon be out of thunderbolts

PAUL, St.: The Great Apostle of the Gentiles, ? A.D. 1–67.

Love never faileth. . . .

❦

Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

❦

His dear Son . . . Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature : For by Him were all things created that are in Heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers : all things were created by Him, and for Him : And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.

PEPYS, SAMUEL : England, 1633–1703 (Diarist).

To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day, and the young people so merry with one another, and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.

❦

Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God!

PITT, WILLIAM (The Elder) : England, 1708–1778 (1st Earl of Chatham, Statesman and Orator).

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

❦

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail, its roof may shake ; the wind may blow through it ; the storms may enter,—the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter ; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!

❦

Where law ends, there tyranny begins.

❦

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Armenian clergy.

You may ravage—you cannot conquer; it is impossible: you cannot conquer the Americans. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch!

I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel and pious pastors of our church, I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God: I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country: I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution: I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own: I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character: I invoke the genius of the constitution . . . let them purify this House, and this country, from this sin.

When he was at the zenith of his power Horace Walpole said: "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one."

Once when he was unceremoniously referred to as "Bill Pitt" in the hearing of a Frenchman, the latter inquired the reason. "Because he introduces so many bills *into Parliament," was the answer.*

PLATO: Greece, 427 B.C. (Philosopher).

Plato reproved a young man for entering into a dissolute house.

The young man said to him: "Why do you reprehend me so sharply for so small a matter?" Plato replied: "But custom is no small matter."

POE, EDGAR ALLAN: United States, 1809–1849 (Poet and Prose Writer).

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From their molten golden notes,
And all in tune
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!

❦

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore,—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

POPE, ALEXANDER: England, 1688–1744 (Poet and Critic).

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!

❦

Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, whilst another's blessed.

❦

Good-nature and good-sense must ever join.
To err is human, to forgive divine.

❦

A vile encomium doubly ridicules :
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

☙

All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

☙

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can hear reproof who merit praise.

☙

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is *but always* to be *blest.*

☙

Order is Heaven's first law ; and, this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

POQUELIN, J. B.: See Molière.

PYTHAGORAS : Greece, *c.* 570–504 B.C. (Philosopher and Mathematician).

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.

☙

Abstain from beans.

☙

In all thou dost first let thy prayers ascend,
And to the Gods thy Labours first commend,
From them implore Success, and hope a prosperous end.

QUINCEY, THOMAS DE: England, 1785–1859 (Essayist).

Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had heard of manna or of ambrosia, but no further.

The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations. He wishes and longs as earnestly as ever to realize what he believes possible and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt.

RICHTER, JOHANN PAUL FRIEDRICH: Germany, 1763–1825 (Novelist and Humorist).

I could with less pain deny Immortality than Deity.

God is near at the birth of every child.

The inner man, like the negro, is born white, but is coloured black by life.

ROUSSEAU, JEAN-JACQUES: Switzerland, 1712–1778 (French Philosopher and Writer).

I had cherished false ideas of life; he gave me a true picture of it, and showed me that happiness depends only on wisdom and that wisdom is to be found in every rank.

O dreadful illusion of human destiny!

*The legislator, if he b[illegible] 1834.
writing down laws that are[illegible]
first look about to see wheth[illegible]nd!
intends them is capable of up[illegible]d us thither?*

❦

*The greatest good of all, which sh[illegible]
every system of legislation, may on[illegible]
reduced to two main objects*—liberty[illegible]
*liberty, because all dependence of indiv[illegible]
individuals is so much force taken away [illegible]keep!
of the state; equality, because without it, [illegible]
exist.*

❦

A true democracy, in the vigorous sense of the term, never has existed, and never will. It is against nature that the many should govern and the few be governed. A people composed of gods would govern itself democratically.

❦

It is a logical sequence of the social contract that in the assemblies of the people the voice of the majority prevails.

RUSKIN, JOHN: England, 1819–1900 (Writer, Art Critic, and Thinker).

Some people see angels where others see only empty space.

❦

Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes.

❦

In mortals, there is a care f[or t]rifles, which proceeds from love and conscience, and [is] most holy; and a care for trifles, which comes of [idle]ness and frivolity, and is most base.

Ask any one of [the p]assengers over London Bridge at this instant whe[ther] he cares about the forms of the bronze leaves [on it]s lamps, and he will tell you, No. Modify thes[e form]s of leaves to a less scale, and put them on hi[s milk]-jug at breakfast, and ask him whether he likes[them, and he] will tell you, Yes.

[What] a boundless capacity for sleep, and for serene [stup]idity, there is in the human mind! Fancy [refl]ective beings, who cut and polish stones for three [th]ousand years, for the sake of the pretty stains upon them; and educate themselves to an art at last (such as it is), of imitating these veins by dexterous painting; —and never a curious soul of them, all that while, asks, " What painted the rocks?"

SA'DI: Persia, A.D. 1184–1291 (Poet).

A solitary drop of water falling from a cloud blushed when it saw the huge extent of the sea, saying: " Where the ocean exists, what place is there left for me to occupy, if that immense body of water be present, O God? What an inconsiderable atom of matter am I!"

While it was after this manner reviewing itself with an eye of humility, an oyster took it into the bosom of its shell and enriched it with its whole soul; the revolution of fortune raised it to an exalted station, for it ripened into a precious pearl, and became the chief jewel of the imperial crown of Persia. It rose into dignified eminence, because its walk was humble.

(Trans. from the " Bostan " by ...)

SALIS, J. G. VON: 1762–1834.

Into the silent land!
Ah, who shall lead us thither?

SARGENT, EPES: 1813–1881.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!

SAND, GEORGES (MME. DUDEVANT): France, 1804–1876 (Novelist and Letter-Writer).

I believe henceforward without illusion, and that is the secret of all my little strength.

The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment; the eye of the body is not always that of the soul.

Discouragement seizes us only when we can no longer count on chance.

Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promises.

A man is not a wall, whose stones are crushed upon the road; or a pipe, whose fragments are thrown away at a street corner. The fragments of an intellect are always good.

For her, art itself, and not the results of art, was the main thing, and her inward satisfaction in her performance did not depend on the amount of approbation manifested by the public.

SAVAGE, RICHARD: England, 1698–1743 (Dramatist and Poet).

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.

SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON: Germany, 1759–1805 (Poet, Dramatist, and Historian).

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

Madness, thou conquerest, and I must yield;
Against stupidity the gods in vain contend.

Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us . . . man is made great or little by his own will.

Seraphs share with thee
Knowledge; but ART, *O Man, is thine alone!*

What the reason of the ant laboriously drags into a heap, the wind of accident will collect in one breath.

Happy child! the cradle is still to thee a vast space; but when thou art a man, the boundless world will be too small for thee.

❦

Dare to err and dream. Deep meaning often lies in childish plays.

❦

To one it is a mighty heavenly goddess, to the other an excellent cow that furnishes him with butter.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER: Scotland, 1771–1832 (Poet and Novelist).

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made:
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

❦

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.

❦

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!

❦

Thou knowest a maiden who ventures to kiss a sleeping man, wins of him a pair of gloves.

—

True love's the gift which God has given
To man beneath the heaven.

❦

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES: England, 1639–1701 (Essayist, Dramatist and Poet).

When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

SELDEN, JOHN: England, 1584–1654 (Historian and Antiquarian).

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

❦

'Tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess.

❦

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to refute him.

❦

Take a straw and throw it up into the air—you may see by that which way the wind is.

❦

Marriage is a desperate thing.

❦

The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides :
But tasks of hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

❦

God's wisdom and God's goodness !—*Ay, but fools*
Mis-define thee, till God knows them no more.
Wisdom and goodness they are God !—*what schools*
Have yet so much as heard this simpler lore ?
This no saint preaches, and this no Church rules :
'Tis in the desert, now and heretofore.

AUSTEN, JANE : England, 1775–1817 (Novelist).

A lady's imagination is very rapid ; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony, in a moment.

❦

" Eliza Bennet," said Miss Bingley, when the door was closed on her, " is one of those young ladies who seek to recommend themselves to the other sex by undervaluing her own ; and with many men, I dare say it succeeds. But in my opinion it is a very mean art."
" Undoubtedly," replied Darcy, to whom this remark was chiefly addressed, " there is meanness in all *the arts which ladies sometimes condescend to employ for captivation. Whatever bears affinity to cunning is despicable."*

❦

Next to being married, a girl likes to be crossed in love a little now and then.

❦

" Well, mamma," said Lydia, " and what do you think of my husband ? Is not he a charming man ? I am sure my sisters must all envy me. I only hope they may have half my good luck. They must all go to Brighton. That is the place to get husbands. What a pity it is, mamma, we did not all go ! "

and fortitude, or to a mind self-satisfied with its own rational conduct and entirely resigned to fate, then turn to it as your supreme happiness.

ARABIC PROVERBS

When you are on the anvil, be patient; when you are the hammer, smite!

Ψ

Trust in God, yet tie the camel's leg.

Ψ

No one is more worthless than he who seeks a friend for any reason except friendship.

ARISTOTLE: Greece, 384–322 B.C. (Philosopher).

One of the wise sayings attributed to the great philosopher is as follows: "In what manner," he was asked, "do the educated differ from the uneducated?" Quoth Aristotle: "As the living differ from the dead!"

Ψ

No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness.

Ψ

Justice is that virtue of the soul which is distributive according to desert.

Ψ

Liberty kindleth love: love refuseth no labour, and labour obtaineth whatsoever it seeketh.

Ψ

A brave man is clear in his discourse, and keeps close to the truth.

ARNOLD, MATTHEW: England, 1822–1888 (Poet and Educationalist).

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides:

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.

❦

They that govern the most make the least noise.

❦

Never tell your resolution beforehand.

SENECA (the Younger): Rome, *c.* 4 B C.–A.D. 65 (Statesman and Philosopher).

Men believe more from seeing than hearing ; the way is long by precepts, short and effective by examples.

❦

Not lost, but gone before.

❦

Whom they have injured they also hate.

SEWARD, WILLIAM H : England, 1801–1872 (General Writer, Essayist).

There is a higher law than the Constitution.

SEWELL, GEORGE: –1726.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

SHAHID: Persia, *c.* A.D. 900.

Fate has two workmen—the Tailor and the Weaver. One only sews the apparel of Kings ; the other only weaves the black garments of beggars.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM: England, 1564–1616 (Dramatist and Poet).

By and by is easily said.

❧

You all know, Security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

❧

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.

❧

Some are borne great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

❧

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

❧

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious than dear life.

❧

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

❧

What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us.

❦

Age cannot wither her; nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

❦

Frailty, thy name is woman!

❦

The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

❦

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant only taste of death but once.

SHEFFIELD, JOHN, 1st DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND NORMANBY: England, 1649–1720 (Essayist and Poet).

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE: England, 1792–1822 (Poet).

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth—let no imposter heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, in your defence to wear.

❦

We look before and after
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.

❦

For love and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

❦

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

SHENSTONE, WILLIAM: England, 1714–1763 (Essayist and Poet).

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

❦

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought she bade me return.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY: Ireland, 1751–1816 (Dramatist).

'Tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion.

❦

A circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge.

❦

There's nothing like being used to a thing.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

It was an amiable weakness.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In the eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.

SHIRLEY, JAMES: England, 1596–1666 (Dramatist).

There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

SIDNEY, ALGERNON: England, 1622–1683 (Political Writer).

Liars ought to have good memories.

God helps those who help themselves.

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP: England, 1554–1586 (Poet).

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

My dear, my better half.

SKELTON, JOHN: England, *c.* 1460–1529 (Poet).

There is nothynge that more dyspleaseth God,
Then from theyr children to spare the rod.

SMITH, ADAM: Scotland, 1723–1790 (Political Economist).

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers, may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.

The greatest commerce of every civilised society is that carried on between the inhabitants of the town and those of the country. It consists in the exchange of rude for manufactured produce, either immediately, or by the intervention of money, or some sort of paper which represents money.

The first duty of the sovereign—that of protecting the society from the violence and invasion of other independent societies—can be performed only by means of a military force.

SMITH, ALEXANDER: Scotland, 1830–1867 (Poet and Essayist).

In winter, when the dismal rain
Comes down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines

SMITH, HORACE: England, 1779-1849 (Poet and Humorist).

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything and everything is nought.

SMITH, JAMES: England, 1775–1839 (Poet and Humorist).

No Drury Lane for you to-day.

❦

Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait.

SMITH, SYDNEY: England, 1769–1845 (Religious and Miscellaneous Writer).

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.

❦

Looked as if she had walked straight out of the Ark.

❦

He has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again.

❦

Ah, you flavour everything; you are the vanilla of society.

❦

As the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen.

❦

SIDNEY... eat, ma'am!" I ... adful here,
... I found there was ... but to take
not my flesh and sit in ...

Thank God for tea! W... the world do without
tea? I am glad I was no... before tea.

SMOLLETT, TOBIAS: Scotland, 1721–1771 (Novelist).

Facts are stubborn things.

SOCRATES: Greece, 470–399 B.C. (Philosopher and Teacher).

O beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man.

Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live.

Four things belong to a judge: To hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.

As for me, all I know is that I know nothing.

SOLOMON: Palestine, c. 977–937 B.C. (The Wise King of the Chosen People).

From the Proverbs attributed to him:

By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted: but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked.

☫

By mercy and truth iniquity is purged: and by the fear of the Lord men depart from evil.

☫

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

☫

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

☫

Wisdom is better than strength. . . . Wisdom is better than the weapons of war.

☫

Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up.

☫

A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.

☫

Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.

❧

It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and angry woman.

SOPHOCLES: Greece, 495–405 B.C. (Tragic Dramatist and Poet).

Ah, me! Ah, me! How great is wisdom's gift!

❧

O race of mortal men,
How as a thing of nought
I count ye, though ye live.
For who is there of men
That more of blessing knows
Than just a little while
To seem to prosper well
And, having seemed, to fall?

❧

√ *Lo, reckon no man happy till ye witness*
The closing day; until he pass the border
Which severs life from death unscathed by sorrow.

❧

Heaven ne'er helps the man who will not act.

❧

A lie never lives to be old.

❧

The truth is always right.

—

Death is not the worst evil, but rather when we wish to die and cannot.

The truth is always the strongest argument.

Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand.

SOUTHERNE, THOMAS: Ireland, 1657–1734 (Dramatist).

Pity's akin to love.

Of the King's creation you may be; but he who makes a count ne'er made a man.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT: England, 1774–1843 (Poet).

The march of intellect.
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.

What will not woman, gentle woman dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?

They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

A sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing.

Being a man, I may come to be Pope.

It shall never be said of me, "The money paid, the work delayed."

I am hot upon it, and while the mill is going, for delay breeds danger. Pray to God devoutly, and hammer away stoutly.

One "Take" is worth two "I'll give thee's."

The bacon is not so easily found as the pin to hang it on.

Trout are not to be caught with dry breeches.

I will not have a dog with a bell.

Who can hedge in the cuckoo?

Where's the wonder that one devil should be like another?

Honey is not for the mouth of an ass.

❦

Let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not take white for black, nor black for white, for we are as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

❦

True valour lies in the middle between cowardice and rashness.

❦

The ass will carry a load but not a double load.

❦

Look not for this year's birds in last year's nests.

❦

A man's valour is in proportion to the size of his heart.

❦

Patience, and shuffle the cards.

❦

Whoever is ignorant is vulgar.

❦

Forewarned, forearmed: to be prepared is half the victory.

❦

The tongue slow, and the eyes quick.

❦

Let the hen live, though it be with the pip.

The best sauce in the world is hunger, and as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish.

Better a daughter but humbly married than highly kept.

There is no book so bad as not to have something good in it.

Let the devil go to the devil! Leave fear to the cowardly.

Misfortunes always persecute genius.

Do not go feeling about for three legs to a cat.

Let him hold up the limping foot, and he will see why it halts.

It is better to trust God than each other.

When they give you a heifer, be ready with the rope.

When fortune knocks, make haste to let her in.

He loves thee well who makes thee weep.

One should not talk of halters in the house of the hanged.

☙

Never stand begging for that which you have the power to take.

☙

A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a bishop.

☙

There is still sunshine on the wall.

☙

A diamond is not so precious as a tooth.

☙

Laws that threaten, and are not enforced, become like King Log, whose croaking subjects first feared, then despised him.

☙

A mouth without teeth is like a mill without a stone.

☙

O memory, thou mortal enemy of my repose.

SPENCER, HERBERT: England, 1820–1903 (Political and Social Writer).

The survival of the fittest.

SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT: England, 1770–1834 (Poet).

Too late I stayed,—forgive the crime!
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers.

SPENSER, EDMUND: England, 1553–1599 (Poet).

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

⚘

Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,
In hope her to attain by hook or crook.

⚘

Roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew.

⚘

Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

⚘

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed
As by his manners.

SPRAGUE, CHARLES: America, 1791–1875 (Poet).

Lo where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age.

⚘

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends.

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN (DEAN STANLEY): England, 1815–1881 (Theologian and Writer).

Science with her thousand eyes,
Sunless mine and starlit skies,
Probes and pierces far or near
Man's estate to guide and cheer.

STERNE, LAURENCE: Ireland, 1713–1768 (Poet).

This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

Great wits jump.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR: Scotland, 1850–1894 (Novelist, Essayist, and Poet).

It's an owercome sooth fo' age an' youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the young are just on trial.

What a number of things a river does, by simply following Gravity in the innocence of its heart!

STOWELL, LORD: England, 1745–1836 (Miscellaneous Writer).

A dinner lubricates business.

SUCKLING, SIR JOHN: England, 1609–1641 (Poet).

Her feet beneath her petticoate
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

SWEDENBORG, EMANUEL: Sweden, 1688–1772 (Scientist and Theologian).

The first thing necessary to be known is, who is the God of Heaven, for everything else depends on this.

There is a correspondence between all things belonging to Heaven and all things belonging to man. It is unknown to this day what this correspondence is.

SWIFT, JONATHAN (DEAN SWIFT): Ireland, 1667–1745 (Prose Satirist).

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last.

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole. His plea was: "My master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill.
Death killed Kildare, who dare kill whom he will.

It is a short way to obtain the reputation of (Poet), and reasonable man, whenever any one tells you opinion, to agree with him.

❦

power of fortune is confessed by the miserable; by ascribe all their success to merit.

❦

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey ;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em ;
And so proceed ad infinitum.

❦

Hail fellow, well met.

❦

Books, the children of the brain.

❦

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

❦

A penny for your thoughts.

❦

She wears her clothes as if they were thrown on with a pitchfork.

❦

He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

—

I wonder what fool it was that first invented sing.

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

'Tis happy for him that his father was before him.

TACITUS: A.D. 54–119.

The desire of glory clings to the best men longer than any other passion.

They make solitude, which they call peace.

It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured.

TALEB, ALI BEN ABI: –660.

Believe me, a thousand friends suffice thee not;
In a single enemy thou hast more than enough.

TALFOURD, SIR THOMAS NOON: England, 1795–1854 (Biographer and Poet).

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

TAYLOR, BAYARD: America, 1825–1878 (Poet).

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

❦

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recall'd a different name,
But all sang Annie Lawrie.

TAYLOR, SIR HENRY: England, 1800–1886 (Dramatist).

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

❦

An unreflected light did never yet
Dazzle the vision feminine.

TAYLOR, JANE: England, 1783–1824 (Miscellaneous Writer).

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.

❦

How many never think, who think they do!

❦

Oh that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought!

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

TAYLOR, JOHN: England, 1580–1654 (Poet).

Laugh and be fat.

TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM: England, 1628–1699 (Political Writer).

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

TENNYSON, ALFRED (LORD): England, 1809–1892 (Poet and Dramatist; Poet-Laureate).

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.

क्ष

For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life with the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

क्ष

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

क्ष

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the pile complete.

क्ष

Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay.

क्ष

Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

❧

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

❧

Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

❧

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

❧

Dear as remember'd kisses after death.

❧

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

TERENCE: 185–159 B.C.

The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love.

In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said before.

❦

What a difference there is between a wise person and a fool!

❦

Of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth.

❦

The very flower of youth.

❦

I did not care one straw.

TERTULLIAN: A.D. 160–240.

See how these Christians love one another.

❦

He who flees will fight again.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE: England, 1811–1863 (Novelist and Humorist).

Only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you, and intercedes for you.

Once, when speaking about fame, Thackeray told this story:

When at dinner in St. Louis one day, he heard one waiter say to another: "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the answer. "That is the celebrated Mr. Thackeray." "What's he done?" came the query "Blessed if I know!" was the reply.

❦

Words, like men, pass current for a while with the public, and being known everywhere abroad, at length take their places in society.

❦

There is life and death going on in everything: truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying Psha, *and sneering.*

THOMAS, FREDERICK W.: England, 1808– (Poet and Miscellaneous Writer).

'Tis said that absence conquers love;
But oh believe it not!
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

THOMSON, JAMES: Scotland, 1700–1748 (Poet).

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

Delightful task! To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

❦

Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain.

❦

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

❦

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.

❦

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid.

❦

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade.

❦

O fair undress, best dress! It checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace.

❦

Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

❦

A lucky chance!

Cruel as death and hungry as the grave.

❦

Come then, expressive silence.

❦

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace.

❦

Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health.

❦

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part.

THRALE, MRS.: England, 1739–1821 (Miscellaneous Writer).

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grows sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

TOBIN, JOHN: England, 1770–1804 (Dramatist).

. . . *Her husband's eye—*

TOLSTOI, COUNT LEO NIKOLAEVITCH: Russia, 1828–1910 (Novelist, Social Reformer, and Religious Teacher).

I found that my wish to become a good and virtuous man, whenever the aspiration was in any way expressed, simply exposed me to ridicule; while I instantly gained praise for any vicious behaviour.

⚘

I saw that scientific knowledge would give no reply to my questions. . . . What is this faith? It is not only belief in God and in things unseen, but it is the apprehension of life's meaning. It is the force of life. I began to understand that the deepest source of human wisdom was to be found in the answers given by faith, that I had no reasonable right to reject them, and that they alone solved the problem of life.

⚘

Each of us is so created by God that he may ruin or save his soul. To save his soul, a man must live after God's word by humility, charity and endurance, while renouncing all the pleasure of life.

TRUMBULL, JOHN: Ireland, 1750–1831 (Poet).

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

TUKE, SAMUEL: –1673.

TUPPER, MARTIN FARQUHAR: England, 1810–1889 (Poet and Philosophical Writer).

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.

TUSSER, THOMAS: England, *c.* 1525–1580 (Poet).

God sendeth and giveth both mouth and the meat.

❦

It is an ill wind turns none to good.

❦

At Christmas play and make good cheer
For Christmas comes but once a year.

❦

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing.

❦

Naught venture naught have.

TWAIN, MARK: See Mark Twain.

USTERI, J. M.: 1763–1827.

Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?

VANDYK, H. S.: [illegible]

VAUGHAN, HENRY: Wales, 1621–1695: (Poet).

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

❦

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just!

VAUVENARGUES, MARQUIS OF: 1715–1747.

Great thoughts come from the heart.

VENNING, RALPH: England, 1620–1673 (Miscellaneous Writer).

All the beauty of the world, 'tis but skin deep.

❦

They spare the rod, and spoyle the child.

VILLON, FRANÇOIS France, *c.* 1430–1484 (Romantic Writer).

Where are the snows of last year?

❦

I know everything except myself.

VIRGIL: Rome, 70–19 B.C. (Poet).

Easy is the descent of Avernus,
Night and day the portal of gloomy Dis stands open;
But to retrace one's steps, and to ascend into the upper

VOLTAIRE, FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET: France, 1694–1778 (Historian, Writer, Satirist, Dramatist and Poet).

There is a mixture of the tiger and the ape in the character of a Frenchman.

❦

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.

❦

If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent Him.

❦

Men use thought only as authority for their injustice and employ speech only to conceal their thoughts.

❦

History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.

❦

Who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.

❦

There are truths which are not for all men, nor for all times.

❦

Love truth, but pardon error.

WADE, J. A.: England, 1800–1875 (Poet).

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale!

WALKER, WILLIAM: England, 1623–1684 (Miscellaneous Writer).

Learn to read slow: all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.

WALLER, EDMUND: England, 1605–1687 (Poet).

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.

⁂

Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

⁂

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

⁂

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

⁂

And keeps the palace of the soul.

⁂

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

⚘

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

WALPOLE, HORATIO or HORACE: England, 1717–1797 (Miscellaneous Writer).

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel.

⚘

A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch.

⚘

The whole (Scotch) nation has been void of wit and humour, and even incapable of relishing it.

WALPOLE, SIR ROBERT: England, 1676–1745 (Political and Social Writer).

All those men have their price.

WALTON, IZAAK: England, 1593–1683 (Author, Angler, etc.).

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so.

⚘

Angling may be said to be like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt.

⚘

Doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

⚘

An excellent angler, and now with God.

I shall stay him no longer than tc wish . . . that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and so (if I might be the judge) God never did make a more calm, quiet innocent recreation than angling.

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business."

WARTON, THOMAS: England, 1728–1790 (Poet and Historical Writer).

> *Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways*
> *Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.*

WASHINGTON, GEORGE: United States, 1732–1799 (Soldier, Statesman, and First President of the United States of America).

When George Washington pressed his mother to come and live with him at Mount Vernon, she is reported to have replied: "I thank you, George, but I prefer to be independent" To the end of her life she continued working with her own hands on her farm.

Washington Irving, the American author and humorist, was often the recipient of flattering attentions and other civilities owing to his supposed relationship to George Washington. On one occasion, in an art gallery, an English lady and her daughter stood admiring a bust of the first President, when the daughter said: "Mother, who was Washington?" "Why, my dear, don't you know? He wrote the 'Sketch Book'."

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire—conscience.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

WATTS, ISAAC: England, 1674–1748 (Poet and Religious Writer).

A flower, when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

And he that does one fault at first
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

☙

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."

☙

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see.

☙

Birds in their little nests agree.

☙

In books, or work, or healthful play.

☙

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

☙

So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain
To change the place, but keep the pain.

WEBSTER, DANIEL: America, 1782–1852 (Political Writer).

Human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.

☙

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers therefore are the founders of human civilization.

☙

Labour in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labour.

❦

Inconsistencies of opinion, arising from changes of circumstances, are often justifiable.

❦

There is nothing so powerful as truth,—and often nothing so strange.

WEBSTER, JOHN: England, 1580–1628 (Dramatist).

I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exit.

❦

'Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden—the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair they shall never get out.

❦

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.

❦

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest;
Old wood burn brightest, old linen wash whitest?
Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest.

WELBY, AMELIA B.: England, 1821–1852 (Poet).

For every wave with dimpled face
That leap'd upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

WELLINGTON, DUKE OF: England, 1769–1852 (Political Writer).

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.

❦

It is very true that I have said that I considered Napoleon's presence in the field equal to forty thousand men in the balance. But the idea is a very different one from that of his presence at a battle being equal to a reinforcement of forty thousand men.

❦

Circumstances over which I have no control.

WELLS, H. G.: England, 1866– (Novelist).

But clearly the old order was already in part reversed. The Nemesis of the delicate ones was creeping on apace. Ages ago, thousands of generations ago, man had thrust his brother man out of the ease and the sunshine. And now that brother was coming back—changed! Already the Eloi were beginning to learn one old lesson anew, were becoming re-acquainted with fear.

❦

No less than a planet will serve the purpose of a modern Utopia.

WESLEY, JOHN: England, 1703–1791 (Religious Writer).

I am always in haste, but never in a hurry.

❦

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness.

WHITE, GILBERT: England, 1720–1793 (Naturalist).

NATURE WISDOM

Lands that are subject to inundations are always poor; probably the reason may be because the worms are drowned.

Crows go in pairs the whole year round.

Swans turn white the second year, and breed the third.

Red-breasts sing all through the Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

The house swallow washes by dropping into the water as it flies.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF: America, 1807–1892 (Poet).

For of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

The glory from his gray hairs gone for ever more.

Making their lives a prayer.

WILDE, OSCAR FINGALL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS: Ireland, 1856–1900 (Author and Dramatist).

Ah! somehow life is bigger after all
Than any painted angel, could we see
The God that is within us!

Nature, whose sweet rains fall on just and unjust alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silences I may weep undisturbed . . . she will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my footprints so that none may track me to my hurt. She will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole.

WILDE, RICHARD HENRY: England, 1789–1847 (Poet and Miscellaneous Writer).

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground—to die.

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER: America, 1807–1867 (Poet).

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
And the light of a pleasant eye.

It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes,
And pleasant scents the noses.

Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him—
Not for him who, departing, leaves millions in tears.

WILSON, Mrs. C. B.: England, –1846 (Poet).

What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing our senses with charmed melody?

WINTHROP, ROBERT C.: England, 1809– (Miscellaneous Writer).

There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.

WITHER, GEORGE: England, 1588–1667 (Poet).

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?

If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat.

And I oft have heard defended—
Little said is soonest mended.

WOLCOT, JOHN: England, 1738–1819 (Satirist and Essayist)

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be damned than mentioned not at all.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out.

WOLFE, CHARLES: Ireland, 1791–1823 (Poet).

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

❦

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.

❦

Go, forget me, and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.

❦

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.

❦

Smile—though I shall not be near thee,
Sing—though I shall never hear thee!

WOODWORTH, SAMUEL: England, 1785–1842 (Poet).

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM: England, 1770–1850 (Poet).

The child is father of the man.

❦

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,—
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

❧

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless
Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers.

❧

Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men
Who to themselves are false.

❧

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

❧

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

❧

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

❧

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic life.

❧

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

फ

For homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

फ

And 'tis my faith, that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

फ

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

फ

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

फ

That best portion of a good man's life,--
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

फ

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

फ

As high as we have mounted in delight,
In our dejection do we sink as low.

❦

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

❦

The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

❦

The silence that is in the starry sky.

WOTTON, SIR HENRY: 1568–1639.

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

❦

He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not—and died.

❦

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.

❦

Hanging is the worst use a man can be put to.

❦

An ambassador is an honest man sent abroad to lie for the commonwealth.

YOUNG, EDWARD: England, 1684–1765 (Poet).

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

❦

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss.

❦

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer.

❦

Procrastination is the thief of time.

❦

At thirty, a man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.

❦

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.

❦

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed.

❦

Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

❦

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

The man of wisdom is the man of years.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though percht on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart

None think the great unhappy but the great.

ॐ

Men talk only to conceal the mind.

ॐ

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

ॐ

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.